

1/3

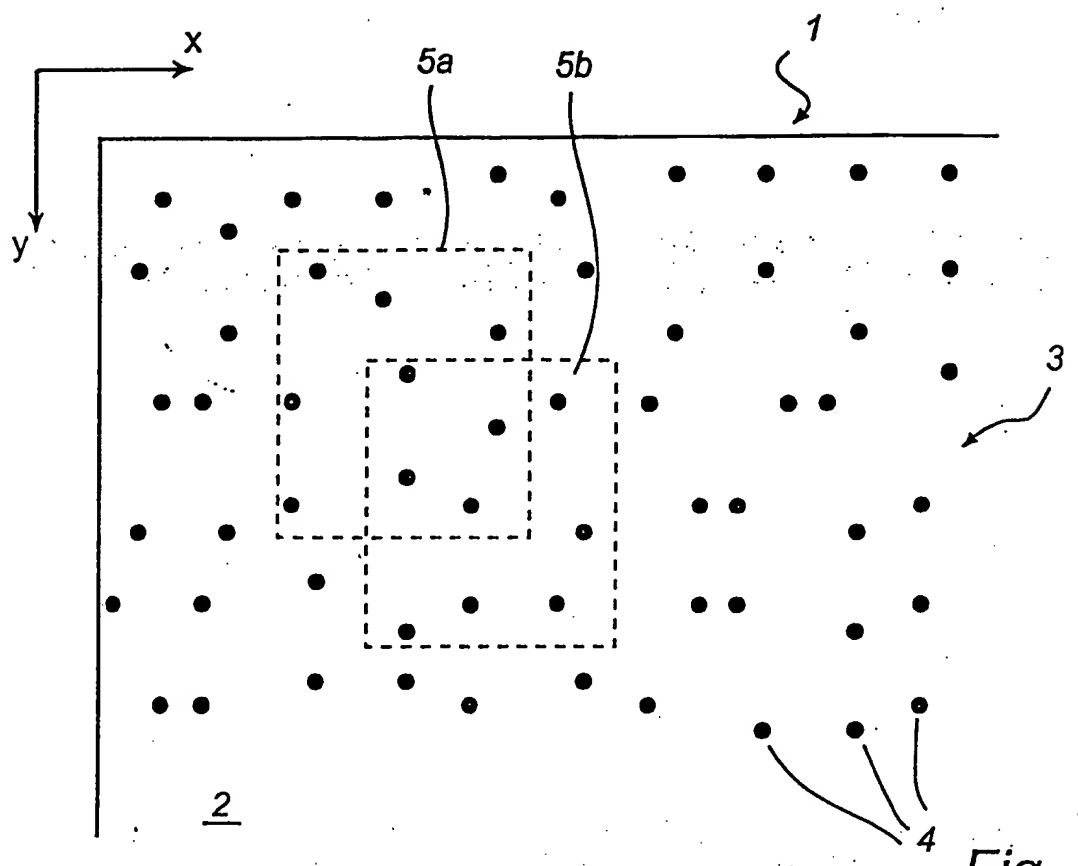


Fig. 1

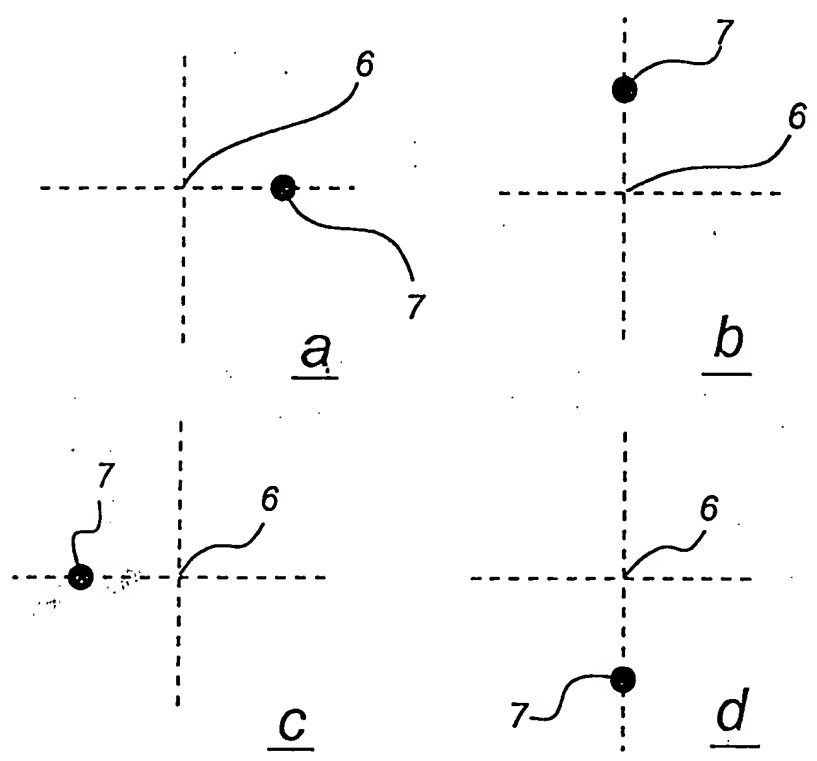


Fig. 2

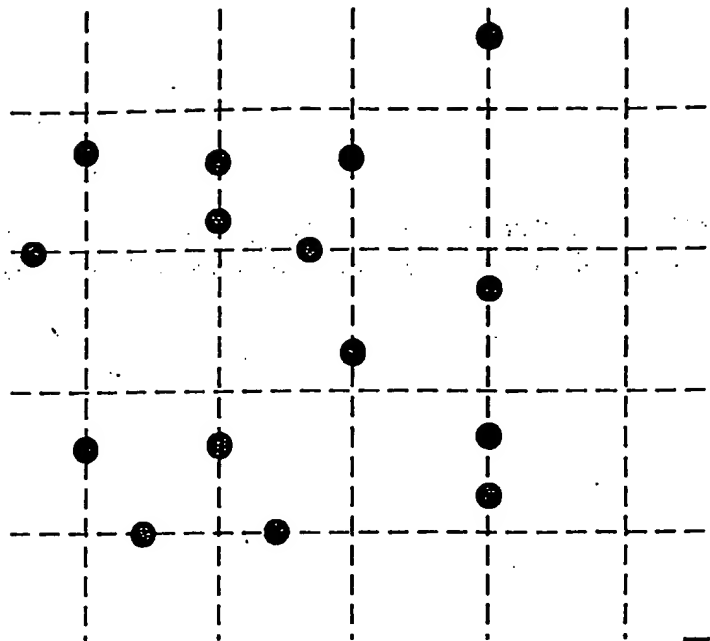


Fig. 3

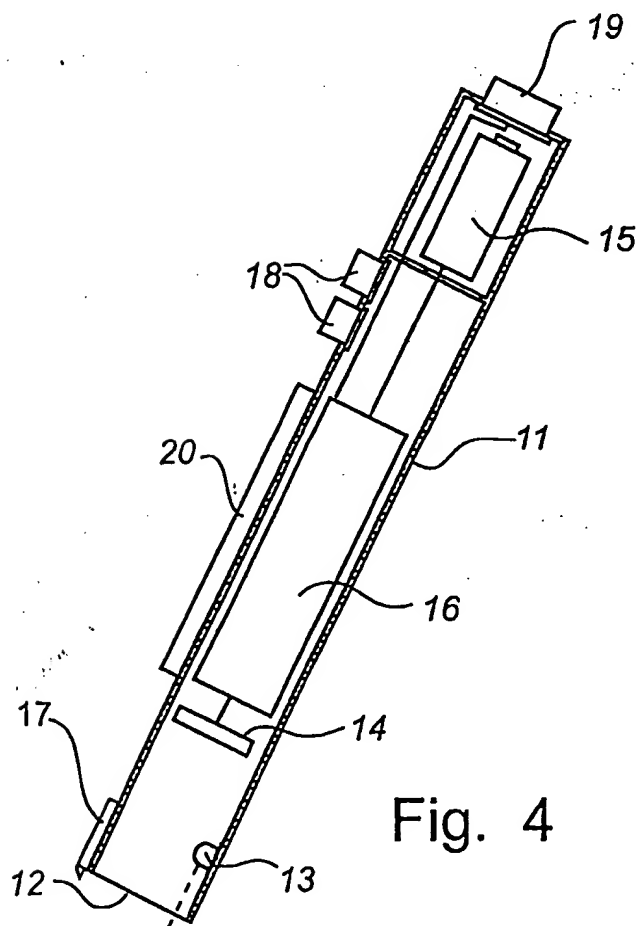


Fig. 4

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

501

Thou art more lovely and more temperate:

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,

And summer's lease hath all too short a date: /o ← 502

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,

And often is his ~~green~~ complexion dimm'd; 89 old ← 503

And every fair from fair sometime declines,

By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;

But thy eternal summer shall fade not ← 504

Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;

Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,

When in eternal lines to time thou growest:

So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,

So long lives this and this gives life to thee.

Fig. 5a

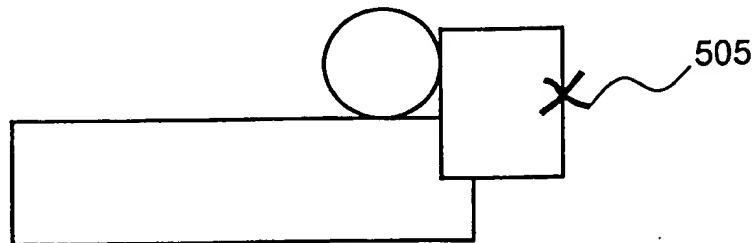


Fig. 5b